Nineteen

At nineteen I stood on the precipice
One step away from ceasing e'er to be,
But somehow I pulled back from the Abyss;
Why did Cruel Fate take you instead of me?

In jeans and trainers, mouse-like in your art
You never raised your voice come loss or win,
We were obliv'ous to your broken heart,
We never saw the turbulence within.

We loved you Jessie, as we love you still,
And we rejoice you gave us nineteen years,
Your pride and sorrow we will ever feel
Until the world is drowned in Caissa's tears.

August 2/5, 2006